Boy. Then I am ſure you know how much the groſſe ſum of deuſ-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the baſe vulgar call three.

Br. True. *Boy.* Why ſir is this ſuch a peece of ſtudy? Now heer's three ſtudied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how eaſie it is to put yeeres to the word three, and ſtudy three yeeres in two words the dancing horſe will tell you.

Brag. A moſt fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Brag. I will hereupon confeſſe I am in loue: and as it is baſe for a Souldier to loue; ſo am I in loue with a baſe Wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection, would deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Deſire priſoner, and ranſome him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtſie. I thinke ſcorne to ſigh, me thinks I ſhould out-ſweare *Cupid*. Comfort mee Boy, What great men haue beene in loue?

Boy. Hercules Maſter.

Brag. Moſt ſweet *Hercules*: more authoritie deere Boy, name more; and ſweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampſon Maſter he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampſon*, ſtrong ioynted *Sampſon*; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampſons* loue my deare *Moth*.

Boy. A Woman Maſter.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell mee preciſely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the ſea-water Greene ſir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read ſir, and the beſt of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, me thinkes *Sampſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He ſurely affected her for her wit.

Boy.

Boy. It was ſo ſir, for ſhe had a

Brag. Me loue is moſt immacu

Boy. Moſt immaculate thoug
ſuch colours.

Brag. Define, define, well edu

Boy. My fathers witte, and my

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a c
tical.

Boy. If ſhe be made of white an
Her faults will nere be knowne:
For bluſh in cheekes by faults are
And feares by pale white ſhowne
Then if ſhe feare, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know,
For ſtill her cheekes poſſeſſe the fa
Which natiue ſhe doth owe:
A dangerous rime maſter again

Brag. Is there not a Ballet Boy

Boy. The world was very gui
ages ſince, but I thinke now 'tis
it would neither ſerue for the writi

Brag. I will haue that ſubiect
ample my digreſſion by ſome
loue that Country girle that I too
nall hinde *Coſtard*: ſhe deſerues

Boy. To be whip'd: and yet a b

Brag. Sing Boy, my ſpirit gro

Boy. And that's great maruell

Brag. I ſay ſing.

Boy. Forbeare till this compan

Enter Clowne, Conſta

Conſt. Sir, the Dukes pleaſur
ſafe, and you muſt let him take no
hee muſt faſt three dayes a weeke
her at the Parke, ſhe is alowd for t

Brag. I doe betray my ſelfe w

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37